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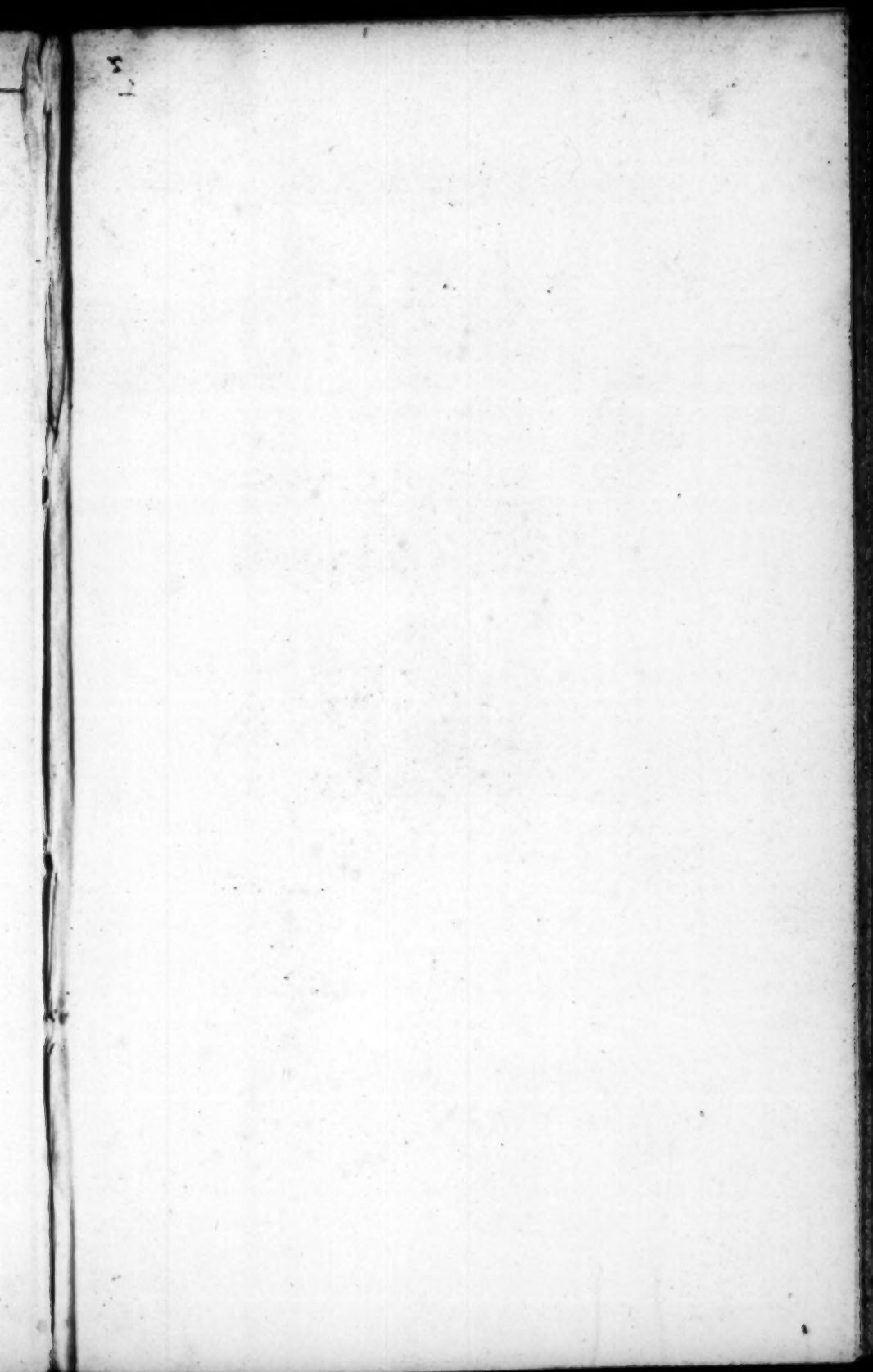


T. Jolley Esq. F.S.A.

Collected 3/6/87



T. Jolley Esq. F.S.A.



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THE
HAPPY MARRIAGE;

Or, The

Turn of Fortune:^k

As it is acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL;

in *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields.*

BY THE

Company of COMEDIANS.

Written by a young GENTLEMAN.

*At si cognatos, nullo natura labore
Quos tibi dat, retinere velis, servareq; amicos;
Infelix operam perdas. Hor. Sat.*



L O N D O N:

Printed for J. SMITH, near St. Paul's.
M DCC XXVII.

THE
HAPPY MARRIAGE

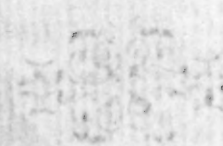
OF THE
TWO OF

THE LATE ROYAL
FAMILY



THE LATE ROYAL
FAMILY

THE LATE ROYAL
FAMILY



THE LATE ROYAL
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THE PROLOGUE.

A Ccept the Off-spring of my humble Muse,
Aid me, Witlings, now, Critiques, Favour use.
Pardon the Bard, excuse his tender Wit,
Ye Ladies in the Box, and Criticks in the Pit.
When the Fruit's good, in the Seller Faults you spy;
(But as the Proverb tells) first taste, and try;
Condemn not therefore my unhallow'd Strain,
But Pity shew, and lay aside Disdain.
If ought I've done to disoblige the Fair,
Tell me my Fault, t'amend shall be my Care,
I my Thoughts to no Ambition raise,
I hate vain Pride, and all, like Foplings, praise.
When Common Sense is wanting to the Bard,
Impudence protects, he draws the Card.
When younger Wits their Works to Drury send,
The Fop cries, I'll not act unless I mend.
A Fop more civiliz'd shall take his room,
Then may forked Light'ning be his Doom.
Aid me, Witlings, let each join Hand in Hand.
And shun the Fop, and all his Drury-Band.



Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Sir John Saveall,—an old Fellow in love with *Belinda*.

Grumble,—*Belinda's* Father.

Capt. Sharper.

Ned Sprightly,—a Vilain.

Wheedler,—an old Fellow, Uncle to *Amynta*.

Tom,—*Saveall's* Servant.

Davy and *Tim*.—two Countrymen.

W O M E N.

Belinda,—in love with *Tom*.

Celia,—her Confident.

Amynta,—debauch'd by *Sprightly*.

Anne,—her Servant.

A C T



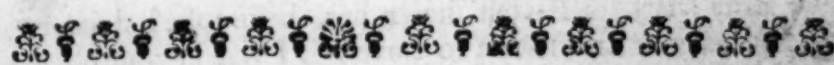
THE
HAPPY MARRIAGE;

Or, The

Turn of Fortune.



ACT I. SCENE I. *A Closet.*



*Curtain draws up, and discovers Saveall writing, with
Tom behind him.*

Sir John. HAT's this Figure of Three for, Tom?

Tom. For Three Pennyworth of Bacon, Sir.

Sir John. O Extravagance ! Three Pennyworth of Bacon at one time, do you mean ? You have a mind to ruin me, Man ; One Pennyworth is enough to serve any Two People for Dinner. How many did dine with you ?

Tom. I'll tell you presently ; let me consider, [*pauses* O, there was *Esther* and *Joan*, and no body else ; but you had Half came up to your Table, Sir.

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Sir *John*. Is there none left ?

Tom. No, Sir.

Sir *John*. O sad ! What is this for ? [*Looks upon the Paper.*]

Tom. For a Pennyworth of Cabbage.

Sir *John* [*reads a Bill*] Two Pennyworth of Roast-Beef ; half a Pint of Ale ; a Half-pennyworth of Cheese ; a Pennyworth of Butter ; Six-pence to the Baker (that's a great deal of Money) ; Coach-hire a Shilling (that makes a deep Hole in my Pocket) ; Six-pence to the Poor of the Parish [*Shakes his Head*] ; all this is a great deal of Money to pay at once. But why am I so sollicitous about these Affairs ? Do you think, *Tom*, any body about me will defraud or cheat me ?

Tom. Lord, Master, you are always so mistrustful of me, that I am quite wearied out of my Life ; by my troth, I have a good mind to give you Warning.

Sir *John*. No, no, *Tom*, I don't mean you, Man ; I only ask'd a civil Question. [*rises up*] Well, we'll talk no more of this at present. What do you think of *Belinda* ? Isn't she a glorious Bit of Flesh ?

Tom. An exquisite Lafs, e-faith ; but you don't go the right way to work ; she won't be brought to as a Spaniel is ; she'll have some Marks of Favour shewn her, before she'll discover any Intimacy or Inclination to Love ; if I was in your place, [*as I wish I was. Aside*] I wou'dn't dandle the matter about o as you do, and put it off from time to time ; take my word, the Consequence of which will be, you'll throw her away, and so ruin your self.

Sir *John*. Tell me, *Tom*, what I shall do with her ? I'll take your Advice about this Affair.

Tom. I am very glad of it.

[*Aside.*]

Sir *John*. But *Tom*, do you think I shou'd be happy, if I was to marry her ? E'gad, it makes me laugh to think how pretty it would be.

Tom. Nor I can't help laughing, to think how comical I shall——Hum.

Sir *John*. How comical ; what !

Tom. To see you married.

Sir

The Turn of Fortune.

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Sir John. Very comical, indeed, it tickles me to think of it; but do you think I shall have her?

Tom. E'gad, Master, it is your own Fault if you have her not; you have Money enough, you know, to make her, and I, and you, and all of us happy; besides that, who can refuse such a handsom, clever Gentleman as you; [*the old Man struts about*] I wish I had half so much, I wou'd not ask you whether I shou'd have her, or any body else; but I hope to have it all.

Sir John. You have it all! What do you mean by that? You have my Money! Have you a mind to murder me?
[*offers to strike him.*]

Tom. I only mean, after you have liv'd with her about an Hundred Years; that's all, Sir; you are so snappish of late, there's no Comfort of one's Life. I believe this thing, Love, makes People peevish.

Sir John. No, no, *Tom*, I did not understand you at first, that was all. Well, *Tom*, do you think I shall be happy?

Tom. Happy, quoth'a; always upon the same String; what can hinder your Happiness? You have Riches enough.

Sir John. I wish that was all that could make me happy, I would not detain my Happiness long; but it is *Belinda's* sparkling Eyes that alone can make me happy, and cheer me up. Do you think I am too old to be married, *Tom*?

[*jumps about.*]
Tom. No, Sir, no, too old! How old was *Methusalem* when he married? You are not so old as he was.

Sir John. Who was that *Methusalem*?

Tom. A Man that liv'd in *Pye-Corner*, next Door to *Adam* and *Eve*.

Sir John. But about this Marriage, *Tom*.

Tom. Lord, Sir, every thing can't be done in a moment, there must be Time for every thing; there must be a Time for marrying, and a Time for going to bed after you are married; neither can it be done without Money given to the Servant for Enterance to the Lady, and for to assist one in the Affair, and to buy fine Clothes.

Sir

8 *The HAPPY MARRIAGE; or,*

Sir John. How d'ye mean, Man? Has not she fine Clothes of her own? Her Father, who's so rich, not buy fine Clothes for her; Lord have Mercy on me, not fine Clothes! I am likely to have a fine Wife indeed, when she has no Clothes to her Back. You are a Fool to talk of Money for Clothes.

Tom. I don't suppose she wants the Clothes; but I mean she wou'd take it very handsom to have a Suit presented to her, especially from one who is so violently in love with her as you are; it isn't the Value of the Clothes, but the Respect is all; that is what will move her.

Sir John. And do you think that will any ways prevail with her?

Tom. Ay, certainly, without doubt.

Sir John. Well, *Tom*, here's a Purse of Guineas to buy the Clothes; besure buy the best, and bring me what remains.

Tom. Yes, yes, Sir. [*Exit Sir John and Tom, but Tom returns.*]

Scene, changes to the Street.

Tom. If I do'nt buy the best, and wear 'em after I have done, I'll be hang'd for the old Cur. Now to trick this old Cock-broth Fellow, I'll go and buy my self some Clothes, and see what better Figure I can cut among the Ladies than my Master; and after I have done that——; but stay, who comes here, Captain *Sharper*, the very same; I must let him know nothing of this Matter.

Enter Captain.

Capt. So, *Tom*, Why do you stand here so thoughtful, by your self? Are you studying?

Tom. Yes, Sir, I am a studying.

Capt. About what?

Tom. A'faith, I can't tell.

Capt. True, I believe thee.

Tom. Yes, yes, I can tell, now I think on't.

Capt.

The Turn of Fortune.

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Capt. Well, *Tom*, What is it?

Tom. Are you hungry, Sir?

Capt. No, *Tom*, I have just now din'd.

Tom. Then I'll tell you; I was thinking what I should have for Dinner; for I am in a voracious Humour.

Capt. What if I had been hungry?

Tom. Then I would not have told you, for fear you should come a mumping; for I know all you Gentlemen-Soldiers are hungry Dogs when it lies in your way; and so, Sir, your most humble Servant.

[*Exit Tom one way, and Capt. another.*

Enter hastily Sprightly, who sees Capt. Sharper, and calls him back.

Sprightly. Captain, well overtaken, how fares it with you? How does the Match with *Belinda* go on? Have you gain'd her?

Capt. No, *Ned*, there's Money wanting; besides, she has set her Affections on another (as I am told); we that have undergone all Hardships and Dangers, being turn'd and toss'd by the Wheel of Fortune, must give place to your Beaux and Prigs that go a Match-hunting.

Spright. Never be cast down, or despair, *Captain*, Fortune will always favour the Brave; Patience, *Captain*, will overcome all this.

Capt. *Ned*, farewell; I have some Business to transact among some Acquaintance of mine, and I desire you will excuse my Rudeness in leaving you alone.

Spright. *Captain*, farewell, I wish you good Luck.

[*Exit Capt.*

Enter Foot-boy to Sprightly, and gives a Letter.

Sprightly reads——*For Mr. Sprightly.*——*I suppose this is from my dear debauc'd Amynta.*——*Reads again.*
Truly so.

Sir,

10 *The* HAPPY MARRIAGE; or,

SIR,

"**T**HE unhandfom Usage I receiv'd from you very much
"troubles me, and will ever be to my Dishonour;
"Neither could you ever have made me due Satisfaction,
"unless you had married me, as was your Promise. But
"now it is too late, and I detest you as the worst of Man-
"kind, and ever shall remain

Your Enemy,

AMYNTA.

Spright. I hate her as bad, and that's enough; and there's
no Love lost. What blest and pleasant Minutes were they
Amynta? I could willingly be hated by all Mankind to have
them come once more. But alas! I have spoil'd her Cha-
racter, defam'd her Honour; which now shocks me.

When the Pleasure's past, and Time is spent,
Alas! Then we, too late, our Crime repent.

*As Sharper is going, Wheedler enters on the other
side of the Stage.*

Wheedler. Mr. *Sprightly*, your Servant, how does the
World go with you?

Sprightly. Goes round, as it does with other People; how
would you have it go?

Wheed. But I mean, how do you do?

Spr. As other People do, eat, drink, play the Whore and
Rogue.

Wheed. I don't mean so; but how do Affairs go with you?

Spr. But indifferent at present, I thank you.

Wheed. How does the good and noble Capt. in *Sharper* do?

Spr. He was very well just now, but damnably in love, e-
ven over Head and Ears.

Wheed. With who, pray Sir?

Spr. With a Lady, Sir.

Wheed.

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Wheed. What Lady, Sir?

Spr. Miss *Belinda* has won his Heart; and that old Dog, her Father, will not permit any one to see her, but Sir *John Saveall* and his Man; he designs to marry her to him; such two miserable old, stingy, fusty Creatures, I never saw in my Life.

Wheed. Indeed, it is hard to force a young Creature against her Inclinations, to a Man so much above her Years; [*Aside.*] I'll try what I can get by this Affair; I have great Interest with old *Grumble*, and may do the Captain a piece of Service; therefore, pray my Service to him, and tell him, I shall do my utmost to serve him.

Spr. I am sure the Captain will reward you, and will ever acknowledge you as the Promoter of his Fortune and Happiness.

Wheed. Well, Mr. *Sprightly*, I am your most humble Servant.

Spr. Sir, yours.



ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Tom dress'd very fine. Solus.

Tom. **H**Ang me, if I don't think I look as handsom as ever a Beau in Town; now Fortune and Impudence stand my Friends. I'll away to *Belinda*, and counterfeit my self old *Saveall's* Nephew, and make her believe I am his sole Heir, and only makes me his Servant, that I mayn't take the Bit out of his Mouth. Alack! Who comes here, my Master and old *Grumble*? I'll not be seen; and therefore I fly to my Bliss.

[*Enter Sir John Saveall and old Grumble.*

Grumble,

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Grumble. What fine Spark is that, running so fast? I have seen one very like him, but I can't call to mind who.

Sir John. It is very like my Man *Tom*, as far as I can guess.

Grumb. It is him I mean; very like, very like, indeed. Where is *Tom*?

Sir John. I have sent him a little way upon some Business, he will be here by-and-by. But Mr. *Grumble*, about this Affair with your Daughter, I come to talk with you.

Grumb. I am very willing to consent to it, and will do all I can to assist you, and persuade her; and if that won't do, I'll let her have no one else; therefore she shall have you or no body.

Sir John. Father-in-law, as I hope I shall call you, do you think she has any Pity or Love for me?

Grumb. Son-in-law, as I wish I could rightly call you, I can't tell, I never search'd so much into her Heart; but I have heard her say, she would never marry rather than have you: Let us walk in and take a Glass till *Tom* comes.

As Saveall and Grumble are going out, they spy Belinda and Celia coming towards them.

Grumb. Look yonder, tho', my Daughter is coming, and her Waiting-maid *Celia*; don't you think she is wondrously handsom?

Sir John. Yes, my Heart burn'd with the very Thoughts of her, and much more when I see her so plain.

Grumb. So plain, Sir, she goes as fine as any Merchant's Daughter in the City of *London*.

Sir John. I don't mean in dressing, I mean now she's so nigh me; Lord! Who doubts her fine Clothes? Ah! But if she was mine, *Grumble*, how I would make her go!

Grumb. I suppose she should no go at all then, only lie. Well, well, I'll leave you to her, be sure mind your Business. Farewell. [Exit.]

Sir John. Now let me stroke up my old Face, and see what I must say to the Lady: First of all, [pauses.] Madam, your

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your most wounded Servant ; ay, ay ; that will do ;

[Goes up to her.

Madam, your most wounded Servant ; alas ! My Heart burns with your all-conquering Beauty.

Belinda. I am sorry, Sir *John*, any one should be burnt so upon my Account ; are you in love in your old Age, Sir *John* ?

Sir *John.* Yes, forsooth, I am unhappily caught in the Snares of *Venus*, and that blind Whelp, *Cupid*.

Belinda. With who, Sir *John*, are you so smitten ?

Sir *John.* No body.

Belinda. No body, Sir *John* ; how do you make that out ?

Sir *John.* I mean no body, but with your Excellency.

Belinda. With me, Sir *John* ! Sure you do but jest.

Sir *John.* Faith, Madam, 'tis too true to make a Jest of ; could you not like me for a Husband, Madam ?

Bel. Cou'd you like me for a Wife, Sir *John* ?

Sir *John.* Rarely, my Life ; let me have the Honour to kiss your fair Hand.

Bel. Hold, hold ; but I can't like you, Sir *John*, there's the Case ; the one will, but the other won't ; therefore it can be no Match, Sir *John*.

Sir *John.* Lord, Madam, you startle me ! Did not you say, you cou'd like to be my Wife ?

Bel. No, no, Sir *John* ; I only ask'd you the Question.

Sir *John.* How can you be so cruel, to play upon a Man in his Misfortunes. If I have not you, I shall dye without you, and very soon too.

[Enter Servant.

Serv. My Master wou'd be glad to drink with you, Sir *John*.

Sir *John.* Give my Service to him, and tell him, I'll wait upon him immediately. Madam, your most humble Servant ; I hope you'll consider better of this Affair, and pity me.

[Exit Sir John.

Celia. Lord, Madam, I wonder how my Master can let such an old wither'd Fellow come into the House, to court such a young Lady as you are !

B

Bel.

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Bel. Did you ever see such an old Fool, since you were born? I would sooner live a single Maid all my Life-time, than marry such an old Coxcomb as that; what do you say, *Celia*?

Cel. I am of your mind, indeed, Madam; I could rather live a *Drury-Lane* Whore, than be in that Woman's place that marries him.

Bel. *Celia*, there's one thing I only want in this World.

Cel. What's that, Madam?

Bel. *Tom*, this old Dog's Footman, as he pretends.

[*Somebody knocks at the Door*

Cel. Who's there?

Wheedler [*without*] One. Pray is Master Grumble at Home?

Cel. Yes, [*opens the Door*] will you please to walk this way, Sir?

Wheed. I'll wait upon you, [*to Belinda*] Madam, your very humble Servant. [*Exit Wheedler*

Bel. This is one of old Sir *John*'s Friends, an old good-for-nothing Cur. I'll try what I can do with *Tom*; I know you will serve me, *Celia*.

Cel. As much as ever is in my power, Madam.

Bel. Then follow me; we'll go and take a Walk in the *Charteroux* Gardens, till the Company is gone. [*Ex. omnes*

Scene opens, and discovers the three old Fellows drinking round a Table.

Grumble. What do you think, Neighbour, of my Daughter? Isn't she a pretty sweet Bit of Flesh?

Wheedler. One of the prettiest young Creatures I ever saw in my Life.

Sir John. She's cruel, but woundedly handsome.

Wheed. Come, come, here's the Lady's good Health, and that she may have a good Husband. [*both*] With all my Heart, Neighbour.

Sir John. Don't you think, Friend *Wheedler*, I should make her a good Husband?

Wheed.

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Wheed. Without doubt, Man.

Sir John. I must be going Home ; I have some Business to do with some Friends of mine.

Grumb. You are always very solicitous about some Affairs ; that's never the way to get a Wife, Man.

Sir John. Such things must be done ; and so farewell.

[*Exit Sir John.*]

Wheed. Neighbour, I wish you well.

Grumb. I thank you for your Company, Mr. *Wheedler.*

[*Exit Wheedler.*]

Now, if I can persuade my Daughter to marry *Sir John*, it will be well ; for he can't live long, and then my Daughter may marry who she will. [*Somebody knocks at the Door.*]

Grumb. Who's there ?

Belind. [*without*] No body but I.

Grumb. Who's I ?

Bel. *Belinda* and *Celia*.

Grumb. [*opens the Door*] Is that no body but I, as you call it, when *Celia* is with you ?

Cel. I am Servant, Sir, therefore am reckon'd nothing with my Mistress.

Grumb. Oh, oh, is that the Case, I did not understand it before. Come, will you walk in to Supper, *Belinda*, for I believe it is almost Supper-time ? [*Exeunt omnes.*]

Scene changes into Covent-Garden.

[*Enter Amynta and her Maid Ann.*]

Amynta. I don't think there's any Faith in Mankind ; how often did that Villain, *Sprightly*, say he would marry me ? Once, indeed, I lov'd him, as the best of Men, but now I hate him as the worst.

Ann. I told you, Madam, how it would be, if you went that way to work ; but you thought I knew nothing what belongs to such material Points, and only spoke at random, having nothing else to say ; but I'll assure you, Madam, I

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know.

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know too well; I was serv'd as bad as that my self, once.

Amy. I never thought there could be so much Deceit and Dishonour in the Sex, and especially in one who shew'd so much Love, as he pretended. But was you ever in love, *Ann*?

Ann. Yes, much to my Sorrow, Madam; if I hadn't I should never have been your Servant; not as I say that's to my Sorrow, Madam; for it is a great Happiness that I came to you, after such Misfortunes, and will ever assist you as far as lies in my power.

Amy. I am perfectly assur'd of your Fidelity, *Ann*, and think my self happy in having such a Servant; therefore I can trust you with any thing, even with my Life; for what I am going to tell you, depends very much upon my Happiness, and that's better than Life, you know.

Ann. Let me not repeat my Fidelity, Madam, nor be afraid to open your Sentiments to me; for I speak with the same Mind and Heart in a little, as if I was to attest my Fidelity for an Hour.

Amy. I hate that *Sprightly*, and love Captain *Sharper*; but I can have no Hopes, because he never saw me; tho' *Sprightly* is a great Friend of his; but I suppose he has told the Captain of his wicked Tricks.

Ann. If he has, I dare say he'll never be the better for it; for the Captain is a Man of Honour (tho' of not much Money) and hates such dishonourable Actions, and loves the Party offended more.

Amy. You now add a new Fire, *Ann*; do you think he would love me?

Ann. I dare say he would; indeed I don't see how any one can help it, if they do but see you once.

Amy. You flatter me, *Ann*.

Ann. No, indeed, Madam, I speak what I think.

Amy. Well, to further this Happiness, I'll send for him to come to Supper with me this Night; but how shall I do to send, or conceal my Name, for fear he should tell *Sprightly* where he is going; I can't write, for *Sprightly* knows my Hand.

Ann.

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Ann. I'll write, and you shall tell me what I shall say.

Amy. Come, we will go Home, and pray to Dame Fortune. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Saveall and Tom.

Saveall. Well, *Tom*, how came you to stay so long?

Tom. I don't come to stay long, I hope, Sir.

Sir John. I mean, What made you stay so at Mr. Grumble's House?

Tom. I cou'd not come to speak with Miss *Belinda* for a long time, and then I eat, and drank, and kiss'd, and I don't know what my self.

Sir John. What! Did you kiss her, do you say?

Tom. No, no, only the Maid, I left that for her Husband, [*aside*] which I hope to be in a short time.

Sir John. And what did she say? Does she love me, do you think?

Tom. Do you think she's a Fool?

Sir John. How! A Fool to love me?

Tom. Who doubts it?

Sir John. Doubts what?

Tom. Her Love; you don't suppose she wou'd tell all at once, do you?

Sir John. What did she say?

Tom. I must needs confess, she said that she hated you dam-
nably. [*Sir John kicks him.*]

Sir John. That's for your Impudence.

Tom. I won't go a-courting for you any more, since you abuse me for it.

Sir John. Here's something to make Amends for it. You go Home; I am going a little way upon some Business.

[*Exit Sir John.*]

Tom. [*following*] But the Jest is, he gives me Money to go a-courting for my self. [*runs off laughing.*]

B. 3.

ACT

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ACT III.

Scene Covent-Garden.

Enter Captain Sharper.

Capt. SURE, to be in love is worse than to be in Prison; especially when there's no Return; e'faith, the World's come to a fine pass now; Men of Fourscore Years of Age marry Girls of Eighteen or Twenty; in a short time, I suppose, we young Fellows must marry with old Women, and so the World must be turn'd upside-down. Yonder comes *Ned Sprightly*; he looks contentedly, as if he was not in love.

[*enter Ned*] So *Ned*, what News?

Ned. No News, only they say, that old *Saveall* is going to marry *Belinda Grumble*.

Capt. So I hear, *Ned*, don't you think I stand a fine Chance?

Ned. Ay, faith, only for your Grandmother's Cat.

Capt. I think now my Labour is but lost; I'll go and seek out for a new Fortune, for I hate to be idle; But how comes it to pass you are not in love; I am quite asham'd to see such a young Fellow as you out of Business.

Ned. It is not so long since I have been out of Business, as you think for; but faith, *Captain*, I had rather by half be out of Business (as you call it) than be in such a drudging Business as you are.

Capt. Indeed, *Ned*, I design to leave it off; and I'll try her but once more, and if she denies me, I go and take a fresh Hunt; but I'll never make so many Words again.

[*Enter Ann with a Letter, sees Sprightly, and startles.*

Ned. *Ann*, what's the matter with you?

Ann. I ask your Pardon, Gentlemen; I have only lost a little Dog, and come to see for it. *Spright.*

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Spright. Who's that Letter for ?

Ann. I am going to put it in the Post-house.

Spright. Captain, farewell, and I wish you better Luck.

Capt. Ned, yours.

Ann. Sir, I am come from a young Lady, with this Letter to you.

Capt. To me ? From who is it, pray ?

Ann. My Mistress order'd me not to let you know her Name ; but if you will follow me, I'll convince you soon.

[*Capt. opens the Letter, reads to himself.*

Capt. A kind Invitation, i'faith ; now, Fortune, protect me. I follow you. [*Exeunt.*

Scene changes to old Grumble's House.

Tom. [*entering, knocks*]

Celia. [*looks out*] Who's there ?

Tom. One ; pray, is Miss *Belinda* at Home ?

Cel. Yes, Sir, I'll call her down. [*goes to call her.*

Tom. E'gad, I wish I had went to School, then I should not want what to say ; but Impudence will help me out.

[*Enter Celia.*

Cel. She'll be here presently, Sir, [*Celia startles*] Lord, Sir, I did not know you ; I protest my Mistress will be more glad to see you than any one.

Tom. Does she love Sir *John* then ?

Cel. No, no, she loves you ; but I would not have you say I told you so.

Tom. No, no ; you do but joke : How can you play the Fool with a Man so ?

Cel. Upon my Maidenhead it is true.

Tom. I thought, indeed, how true it was ; upon your Maidenhead, that's what vexes me, to lye and swear to it ; are not you asham'd to speak such bawdry Words ?

Cel. Upon my Honour it's true.

Tom. You have mended the matter finely, indeed ; but is it as true as you and I are here ?

Cel. Yes, indeed.

Tom.

20 *The HAPPY MARRIAGE; or,*

Tom. Then I am happy, and there's something for your good News. [*gives her a Piece of Money.*]

Cel. Won't you give me a Kils too?

Tom. Ay, that I will, Twenty for that matter. [*kisses her.*]

Enter Belinda.

Tom. [*runs up, and salutes her*] My Master sent this Token to you, which I was very willing to give.

Bel. You are very welcome, Sir, if it was twice as much, not for his sake but my own; I hate such an old fusty Fellow, more fit to lie in his Coffin, than with a Woman.

Tom. I am glad I can please you, Madam.

Cel. There's some Sense, Madam, in having such a young Man as this; he can go a-visiting with you, or, indeed, do any thing else as you desire him; but that old Cock-broth Fellow is fit for nothing at all, but to sleep and count his Money.

Bel. You say very true, *Celia*; I wonder why my Father gives him so much Encouragement; I'll sooner be hang'd than have him.

Tom. He falls away very much, poor Man, God be thanked; I am afraid he will live these Two Days. I'll tell you how you must manage him; you must send word by me, That you will wait upon him; and when you come, you must seem to hate him, and call him all the odd Names you can think of, and he'll go and dye directly, I hope; for he was dam'd bad last time you left him; after that, I hope my Happiness will come.

Bel. I hope so too; I can no longer keep my Thoughts; my Love burns its way through, and will no longer be conceal'd.

Tom. What Happiness is this I hear; Sure it is only Dream.

Bel. I hope it's all true.

Tom. I must make bold to leave you for a little while; for I must make haste Home, or else I shall be mistrusted. So farewell.

[*kisses her, and goes.*]

Bel.

The Turn of Fortune.

21

Bel. Tom's a pretty Fellow, I love him above all Men in the World. Come, *Celia*, we'll go in. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene changes, and discovers Amynta and Captain Sharper at Supper.

Amynta. *Celia*, fill a Glas of Wine for the Captain.

[*Captain drinks.*]

Capt. How do you like the City, Madam ; for I understand you have not been out of the Country long ?

Amynta. Very well, Sir, with such good Company.

Capt. I hope then, Madam, we are mutually pleas'd.

Amynta. I hope so too, Sir ; for otherwise, I should think my self very unhappy. [*They rise from the Table and come forward.—— he salutes her.*]

Capt. I now foresee my Happiness ; I hope our Minds and Hearts are fix'd. [*Somebody knocks at the Door.*]

Cel. Who's there ?

Spright. [*without*]. Pray, is Mistress *Amynta* at Home ?

Cel. Who are you ?

Capt. [*speaks softly*] Where shall I go ? for I won't be seen ? [*she shews him out a back-way—— he kisses her.*]

[*Celia opens the Door.—— Enter Sprightly.*]

Spright. Madam, your most humble Servant ; I hope all old Quarrels are forgot.

Amynta. No, Sir, such base Actions, and such Infidelity, ought never to be forgot, or forgiven ; and I hope you will be rewarded for it some time or other.

Spr. I desire no other Reward, but you, Madam ; that's all I want, or come for.

Amynta. Me ! I wou'd as soon, ay, rather sooner, have one of my own Footmen, than such a vile Rascal as you are.

Spright. Stay, what Day of the Month is this ? [*pauses*] I believe it's a new Moon ; I doubt you aren't well, Madam, is your Water thick or clear, pray, Madam ? Let me feel your Pulse,

Amynta.

22 *The HAPPY MARRIAGE; or,*

Amy. I desire, Sir, you will let me alone, or I shall have you turn'd out of the House. [*She pushes her Hand away from him.*]

Spright. Who's your Doctor, Madam? Who's your Chirurgion? Indeed, I think you ought to be let blood, Madam; when did you take Physick last? Is the Top of your Head shav'd, pray, Madam? It's too hot Weather for you, Madam, I doubt; you eat too strong Meat, Madam, I believe.

Amy. You are very impertinent, I am sure, and deserve to be thrash'd out of Doors.

Spright. Why won't thrashing within Doors do as well? It's too far to go out to be beat. Are you going to be married, Madam? If you are, I can recommend you to a very clever young Gentleman in the Army, without doubt he'll make a very good Husband, Madam.

Amy. I want no Husband of your Recommendation; I suppose you would recommend such a one as your self. I desire, Sir, you'll depart, for I can choose for my self, and therefore desire none of your Company.

Spright. [*to Ann*] Who did you stand Pimp to last, you Sheeps-ey'd Whore? [*Exit Sprightly.*]

Amy. Well, I never saw so much Impudence in one Man all my Life-time.

Ann. The Captain will give it home, if ever he speaks any thing before him; I suppose the Captain's gone Home.

Amy. Yes, yes, he went out the back way, but he'll soon come again, I hope, and then won't be afraid to face such a Rascal as that. [*Somebody knocks.*]

Ann. Who's there?

Old Wheedler. One.

Amy. 'Tis my Uncle *Wheedler*. [*Ann opens the Door.*]

Wheedler. So, *Amynta*, I hear a fine Character of you. Are you married?

Amy. No, Sir.

Wheed. Worse and worse still! Do you think you shall ever be married?

Amy. I hope so, Sir; for a Single-life is but a tiresome one, I am sure.

Wheed.

The Turn of Fortune.

23

Wheed. A Maiden-life, you mean.

Amynta. No, that's worse a great deal than a Single-life.

Wheed. You have a-mind to break my Heart, *Amynta*; I have always lov'd you as my Child, yet you strive to vex me; but I am resolv'd to ease my self, and I think you have Wit and Sense enough to take care of your self, and not run into utter Ruin.

Amynta. Unkle, what Play's at the *Old House* to-night? I have a-mind to go and see it, if it is a Comedy.

Wheed. What do you ask me after Plays? For, I have something else to do, than to mind what's acted; I was not talking about Plays.

Amynta. I wouldn't give Six-pence to see a Tragedy, now Mr. *Booth* don't act, I protest.

Wheed. This Girl will run on about Plays; I wou'd not give a Half-penny to see all the whole House act.

Amynta. How do you like Farces, Unkle?

Wheed. I had rather see a good Farce, with a good Harlequin, than any Play that's acted; but why do you ask me such silly Questions?

Amynta. I only have a-mind to divert you, because you say, I shall break your Heart. Indeed, as you say, a good Entertainment is very diverting, especially at *Lincoln's-Inn-House*.

Wheed. I wish you wou'd mend, and not mind Plays so much; you want a good Husband, that's all you look out for.

Amynta. I hope I shan't be long without one.

Wheed. I hope so too; then I shall be rid from being your Guardian. [Exit.]

Amynta. How this old Cuckold talks; he'd a-mind to rattle me, if I wou'd had Patience to hear him. It's late, *Ann*, I believe; we'll go to bed.

How sweet are the Joys of mutual Love!
It's that's the Pleasure of Heaven above.

ACT



ACT IV.

Scene Covent-Garden.

Enter two Country-men.

Tim. **D**ON'T you think, *Davy*, *London* is a very dirty troublesom Place?

Davy. Why, as you say, *Tim*, it is a nasty, ugly place; besides, it is a terrible whoring Place.

Tim. Now you talk of Whores, *Davy*, Mrs. *Amynta* is married, they say.

Dav. Married, quoth'a! She's only big with Child, mun.

Tim. Why, can they be big with Child without being married?

Dav. Ay, that's a common thing here; it wou'd be hard if a Woman cou'dn't do what she pleas'd with her own Things.

Tim. Why, as you say, it would vex a-body to-have one's Things kept up for no use, only to spoil and grow good for nothing: As for Instance, What Good does a Man's Money do, when he keeps it lock'd up in Coffers? Why, he dies, and leaves it, after he has had no Profit from it.

Dav. Or, what good wou'd my Wife do me, if I never was to get Children?

Tim. Why, that's very true. But what Beau is that coming this way; I suppose we must stand out of the way for him?

Enter Sprightly.

Sprightly. So, Countrymen, how does the Fair of Horses and Mares go?

Dav.

The Turn of Fortune.

25

Dav. Why, you may have a Horse for Three Shillings, at the *Exchange*; and you may have a Mare for Two Shillings, I believe, towards *Drury-Lane*; they are very plenty and cheap there, they say.

Spright. Have you any one in Town as you know?

Dav. Yes, there's one *Amynta* lives hereabouts, who was my Mistress formerly; I have heard a sad Trick of her.

Spright. What's that?

Tim. Don't tell every body of it, mun; you'll have Anger.

Dav. I'll tell the Gentleman, he'll say nothing of it to any one.

Spright. No, upon my Honour, not I.

Tim. Such Honour [*aside*] the Devil take.

Dav. The People say, that Mistress *Amynta's* married; I mean, with Child.

Spright. That's a small Fault with us. Who had the Happiness to be the Actor in the Cause?

Dav. I can't tell, a'faith, I have forgot the Name, but I could tell it if I heard it.

Tim. It is one Mr. *Rightly*, or *Tightly*, or some such a Name.

Spright. *Sprightly*, you mean, I believe.

Dav. Ay, ay, that's the very Rogue; I wish I had him here, how I wou'd thrash him; if ever I do meet the Dog, I'll so drub his Bones, that he shall not be able to get another Child this Half-year.

Spright. Do you know him when you see him?

Dav. No, indeed, I don't.

Tim. I wonder how a Man can play the Rogue with a Woman so; he deserves to be hang'd.

Dav. I must needs say this for the Man, that he is not so much in the wrong, as the Woman; any Man wou'd be glad of such an Opportunity.

Spright. I think the Man was much in the right of it.

Tim. How long have you liv'd in *London*, Sir?

Spright. Ever since I was born.

Tim. I had rather be driving the Plough, than live here a

C

Twelve-

26 *The HAPPY MARRIAGE; or,*

Twelve-month, for all the Plays, and other Entertainments.

Dav. Now you are talking of Plays, I saw one last Night. I sat in the Hog, as they call it, and I was almost kill'd; I wish'd I had been at Home, with a Jug of Beer at my Mouth; for I was bitter dry.

Spright. Come, my Boys, if you'll come along with me, I'll give ye a Dinner.

Both] With all my Heart: With all my Heart. Come along. [*Exeunt.*

Enter old Grumble, Saveall, and Tom.

Tom. I think it is very cruel, your Daughter won't pity nor love my Master; but I am divlish glad [*aside*]. I am afraid he will dye very shortly, for he's fallen away prodigiously within this Week.

Grumb. Indeed, I am sorry for it; I wish they could be happy together.

Sir John. I am sure I shall dye very shortly. [*faints.*

Tom. O Lord! O Lord! What shall us do? My Master is going to dye. Won't you make a Will, Master?

[*Sir John pulls a Will out of his Pocket.*

Tom. This is well, "To *Tom* I bequeath my whole Faculties". Come, come, all's well.

Grumb. Is all well, now your Master is dying?

Tom. P'shah, p'shah, we'll talk of that another time; shall I call a Chair?

Grumb. Yes, yes.

Tom. And a Coffin too, with all my heart.

[*Exit, and fetches a Chair.*

Tom. Here's a Chair, [*they put him in*] Coachman, you must drive to St. Paul's Church-yard near Stocks-market, at the Sign of the *Blue Blackmoor*, next Door to the great Toy-Shop, over against *Innys* the Bookseller, near to a Mercer on *Ludgate-Hill*. [*Exeunt Chair and Sir John.*

Tom. [*to Grumble*] Indeed, Sir, your Daughter is very hard-hearted, in letting my Master dye for Love; but I can't blame her, since she is so young, and he so old; for, indeed,

I must

The Turn of Fortune.

27

I must confess, it would look odd, to see such a Match as that.

Grumb. 'Tisn't my Fault ; I did all I cou'd to persuade her, but it was all in vain ; for my part, I wish it had been a Match, I shou'd have had a good worthy Son-in-law ; but you know, if I had forc'd her to marry, I should have the young Girls a baiting me as Dogs do a Bull or a Bear ; besides that, I hate to force any one against their Inclinations ; it seems in my mind odd, to see a young Woman go to be married with Tears in her Eyes ; I am resolv'd she shall do as she will.

Tom. I like you now ; you are in the right of that ; for a Woman that's forc'd to marry, will never live contented with her Husband.

Grumb. That's true, as you say ; so I am resolv'd she shall dispose of her self as she pleases ; if she marries a Tinker, or a Footman, or any thing else, with all my heart ; let her take it for her pains.

Tom. E'gad, I'll dance at her Wedding, let who will marry her ; he will be a happy Fellow that can get her.

Grumb. I didn't care a fig if thou hadst her, for thou seemest to be a good clever Lad, *Tom.*

Tom. I might do her Business as well as another Man, you know, Father.

Grumb. Father, mun ! How long have I been your Father ? Thou dost not think I speak in earnest, I hope.

Tom. Lord, Sir, I only mean I should be glad if you was my Father ; but, Sir, don't you think I am worthy of your Daughter ?

Grumb. Thee worthy of my Daughter ! How canst thou be worthy of my Daughter ? Worthy of my Daughter tho', that's a good Joke.

[*walks off laughing.*]

Tom. This old Dog little thinks I am so great with his Daughter ; I think I have most occasion to laugh, for all he makes so little of it ; I shall laugh at him one of these days.

[*Exit.*]

C 2

Enter

28 *The HAPPY MARRIAGE; or,*

Enter Sharper.

Sharper. Sure mutual Love is the greatest Happiness to Mankind ; Fortune has made me one of the happiest Creatures in the World ; *Belinda* has added Joy by her Denial ; now Marriage makes all easy. [*Enter Sprightly.*

Spright. So, Captain, how fares it with you ?

Capt. As it does with the celestial Inhabitants, that is, happy.

Spright. Are you provided for, Captain ?

Capt. Ay, and happily too, one of the most exquisite Pieces in Nature has my Heart ; and what augments my Happiness, I have hers.

Spright. Happy indeed ; who is she ?

Capt. A Lady not far off.

Spright. What, is she a Widow, or a Maid, or a W—— ?

Capt. A Whore ! Sir, I'll make you to know that I am a Man of more Honour than to marry a Whore ; I don't understand you.

Spright. Not understand me, Sir, I speak plain enough, and I'll make you to know that I am——your most humble Servant ; I hope you are not offended, *Captain* ; kick me if I thought any Harm in saying so ; I only spoke in jest ; Lord, you are so captious you can't take a Jest. But, Sir, if you have a-mind, I'll——ask your Pardon.

Capt. I don't approve of such Jestings, especially from one who pretends to be a Friend.

Spright. If you demand any thing else, I am here ready to answer you.

Capt. [*draws*] Come on then, Sir.

Spright. What a Fool I should be, if I should come upon your Sword.

Capt. Don't stand quibbling here, Sir. [*they fight.*

Spright. Hold, hold, I have something to tell you ; [*they leave off*] you might have hurt a Man ; what d'ye mean ? But I have a comical Trick to tell you, which I did a little while ago, and I wou'd advise you to do the same.

Capt. What is it ?

Spright.

The Turn of Fortune.

29

Spright. I'll tell you; once I was in love, as you may be now, with a young Lady that I knew very well, and she was in love with me; so the Day of the Marriage was appointed, but all kept secret; but we were out of Patience, and were therefore willing to try one another before-hand; and so it fell out, and so it fell in, that we were not married at last; first I turn'd her off, and she seeing she could get no more of me than she had, turn'd me off likewise; and there was an end of our Amour.

Capt. Was not you a barbarous Villain for such a vile Action towards a poor young Creature? I wou'd be hang'd before I would serve a Girl so.

Spright. And I'll venture to be hang'd, when any Girl lets such a Noodle as you do it.

Capt. Ned, I never thought you to be so great a Rascal before.

Spright. I always knew you to be——what you are.

Capt. I demand Satisfaction; therefore draw, or I'll run you through.

Spright. I'll draw with all my heart, but I don't care for Fighting.

Capt. I'll make you fight, Sir, or I'll run you through the Body.

Spright. I'll assure you, you shall do neither, for I'll run away first; and so your humble Servant. [runs away.]

Enter old Wheedle.

Wheed. Who was that ran away so fast?

Capt. It was a scandalous Rascal that abus'd me, and then offer'd to fight me, and away he ran.

Wheed. How came he to abuse you, I suppose you gave him some Provocation.

Capt. I only told him he was a Villain, for serving a young Lady such a Trick as he did.

Wheed. What was that, Sir? He ran as if he had been ready to beshit himself (saying your presence); but what is this Story?

30 *The HAPPY MARRIAGE; or,*

Capt. He was telling me of a young Lady that he had promised to marry, and the Wedding-day was appointed; but they being hasty, he debauch'd her, and then turn'd her off.

Wheed. O vile Dog; My Niece was the very Person that the Rogue debauch'd. Where does he live, Sir? I'll certainly have him hang'd.

Capt. His Name is *Sprightly*.

Wheed. *Sprightly*! I always took that Man for an honest Fellow, but I am damnably deceiv'd.

Capt. What's your Niece's Name?

Wheed. Her Name is *Amynta*.

[*Exit.*

Capt. Heavens forbid! How my Heart chills at the very Action! If ever I see that Dog, I'll be the Death of him. I love her yet, ay, more than ever, but yet I am vext in my Mind, to see such Perfection so abus'd. I'll marry her, and be reveng'd.

[*Exit.*

Enter Grumble and Wheedle.

Wheed. So Neighbour, how goes on the Match between your Daughter and Sir *John Saveall*?

Grumb. By my Troth, very slowly.

Wheed. I hear Sir *John*'s very sick upon the matter; he's so nigh his Death, that he has made his Will; and who do you think is his Heir?

Grumb. Indeed I can't tell, but I am sure I wish I was.

Wheed. I believe you there. It is *Tom*, his Footman.

Grumb. O a Rogue! He will be fit to be my Son-in-law now; but I suppose my Daughter is too proud to marry him.

Wheed. Gad, I wish my Niece *Amynta* was to marry him, they would make a good handfom Match. I'll try, if the old Fellow should dye, to make it up. I have found out the Rogue that debauch'd my Niece; it was that Devil in Sheep's Cloathing, *Sprightly*.

Grumb. A base Trick, indeed; he deserves to be married, a Dog.

Wheed. To be married, quoth'a; who the Devil would be troubled with him for a Husband! When he had been married about a Week he would forsake her.

Grumb.

The Turn of Fortune.

31

Grumb. I don't mean to be married to a Woman, but the Gallows.

Wheed. Ay, Ay, now you speak right. But look, here comes *Tom*. [*Enter Tom.*] So *Tom*, how does your Master do? Is he going to be married yet?

Tom. I hope so, very shortly, [*aside*] that is to his Grave; for Mrs. *Belinda* has sent him word, that she'll wait upon him very soon, and my Master mends lustily upon the Matter.

Grumb. She never told me any thing of the Matter; therefore I believe she does joke; or you do lye.

Tom. I hope she does not joke, but I hope I shall lye.

Wheed. O you wicked Dog, how can you wish to lye?

Tom. I don't mean to tell Lyes, but to lye down-right.

Grumb. Pray, what's the Difference between telling Lyes and lying down-right?

Tom. E'gad, Gentlefolks, my Master left me all his Estate; O! If he had but dy'd.

Grumb. What then?

Tom. What a sad thing that would have been; but it would be much worse if he should recover. [*aside*]

Grumb. I'll come along with my Daughter, and I'll persuade her all I can; and if she won't marry him, I am resolv'd—she shall let it alone.

Tom. That's very right and well spoken; but I am in hopes, I mean in fear, if she refuses that, my Master will dye, and then I shall have all his Estate; and what a terrible thing that will be.

Wheed. Very terrible, indeed.

Tom. Not so terrible as that comes to neither; for when I have got fine Cloaths, and ride in my Chariot with a pretty Wife, I shan't look so terrible as you think for.

Grumb. Why, that's very true, as you say; I agree with you in that Point; but where can you get a pretty Wife? What Woman would have you who has been a Footman?

Tom. You shall see, when my Master dies, if I shan't have them follow me as a Dog does a Bitch; you don't know what Money will do, especially when such a clever young Fellow as I go a courting.

Wheed.

32 *The HAPPY MARRIAGE; or,*

Wheed. I have got a pretty young Niece, *Tom*, thou shalt have her if thou wo't.

Tom. To tell you the Truth of the matter, I will never marry.

Grumb. I'll go and see Sir *John Saveall* ; if you'll go and fetch my Daughter, *Tom*, and follow. Come Neighbour *Wheedler*, will you go with me to Sir *John's* ?

Wheed. Ay, with all my heart. [*Exeunt.*

Tom. And I'll go and fetch *Belinda* with all my heart ; these old Dogs little think I am so nigh being married to *Belinda*. [*Exit.*



A C T V.

Scene 1st. Sir John's House.

Enter Tom and Belinda.

Tom. **N**OW, my Life, play your part, give it the old Fellow home ; and I don't doubt but that will kill him, and then we may embrace and kiss [*kisses her*] without Controul or Fear. I suppose old Mr. *Grumble* and Mr. *Wheedler* will advise and edge you on.

Bel. Never fear ; I'll deal with 'em all ; I'll give the old Cur such a Lesson he never had from Woman before.

Tom. Well said, e'faith, my *Belinda*, now our Happiness depends upon your Tongue ; but I'll do all I ever can to persuade you whilst they are present ; therefore take nothing amiss in what I shall say or do.

Bel. They say that old *Wheedler's* Niece is going to be married to one of my former Suiters.

Tom. I thought she was to be married to Mr. *Sprightly*.

Bel. No, he has turn'd her off since he was so great with her, which was very barbarous.

Tom.

The Turn of Fortune.

33

Tom. A sad Villain, indeed. Does Mr. *Wheedler*, her Uncle know it?

Bel. Yes, and says he'll prosecute him; but I don't think he's so much to blame as her; for what Man would refuse so good an Offer? And indeed, if she would consent to one, and not being married, any one would mistrust she wou'd be too great with another.

Tom. Lord, but Madam, what won't a Woman do to gain her Wifh? She don't doubt, I suppose, but he woo'd her.

Bel. Come, let us go in to your Master.

Tom. With all my Heart; but I must needs say, *Sprightly's* a sad Rogue. [*Exeunt.*

Scene opens, and discovers Sir John, Grumble, and Wheedler.

Sir John. Well, I hope I shall recover, now Mr. *Grumble*, if your Daughter will but love and pity me, I shall do well enough.

Grumb. I have done my utmost for you, *Sir John*; but I'll still be your Advocate. But, *Sir John*, when you dye, do you design to leave your Estate to *Tom*?

Sir John. Why, I don't know; *Tom* has serv'd me very faithfully, and I have nobody else, without your Daughter will accept of it; but I hope *Belinda* won't let me dye yet, however.

Wheed. I hope so too; for it is pity we shou'd loose so good a Neighbour as *Sir John Saveall*. We'll all stand up for you, we'll all entreat and beg, and especially *Tom*, he has a good taking Way with him; he'll prevail if any one can.

Grumb. I wonder why my Daughter don't come; I am very much griev'd about your Niece's Misfortune, Neighbour *Wheedler*; if I was in your place, I wou'd prosecute the Dog with utmost Rigour; to abuse a young Lady so, O monstrous! It may be the Ruin of her Fortune and Character.

Wheed. Why, as you say, it does vex me bloodily, and I'll be reveng'd of the Dog; lately a clever young Gentleman
courted

34 *The HAPPY MARRIAGE; or,*

courted her ; but I suppose, when he hears of this Action, he'll have no more to do with her.

Grumb. Very true, it may be so ; but I wonder why my Daughter don't come. Ho, ho, here she comes. [*they rise.*

Enter Belinda.

Grumb. So *Belinda*, where have you been so long ? Why didn't you make more haste ?

Bel. I didn't see there was any occasion for hurrying my self.

Sir John. Madam, I am your most humble and wounded Servant ; I thank you for this Visit.

Bel. What Visit ? I only come to see how you do, *Sir John*, for I hear you have been very bad upon my account ; therefore I only come to know the Harm I have done you.

Sir John. It's not you, Madam, but Love that has done so much Harm.

Wheed. Indeed, Madam, *Sir John* is desperately in love with you ; and I am afraid, if you will not be kind to him he'll dye. But, Madam, I long to have one Kiss from that sweet Face. [*kisses her. She spits.*]

Tom. There's something upon your Cheek, Madam, I'll wipe it off, if you please. [*takes his Handkerchief and wipes it off.*

Grumb. Sirrah, what business have to touch my Daughter ? [*kicks him.*

Bel. Why do you kick him, Father, he did no Harm ?

Tom. Lord, Sir, I only wip'd a little Speck of something as I saw upon her Cheek.

Sir John. Well, Madam, I hope you have consider'd of my Happiness ; I have thought the Time long ; but I hope you will put a Period to all my Wishes.

Bel. That I will, *Sir John*, and sooner than you desire, perhaps.

Grumb. Come, Daughter, be good and kind to *Sir John*, he'll make you a very good Husband, I am sure.

[*Sir John goes to take hold of her Hand, she pulls it away.*

Wheed. to Grumb. I believe they'll quarrel ; she seems very coy ; I wonder how *Sir John* takes it. *Grum.*

Grumb. She does not care how he takes it ; as for my part, I am heartily sorry, but I can't pretend to force her to it.

Tom. That would make us all uneasy indeed ; but I'll try what I can do towards a Reconciliation. Madam, don't be so cruel to my Master, he loves you bloodily, and I think you ought to love him carnally.

Bel. Hold your tongue, what is it to you, you impertinent faucy Skip.

Tom. [*starts back*] Don't bite my Nose off, Madam, and I'll be quiet.

Wheed. Pray Madam, pity Sir *John*, or else he'll dye.

Bel. I do pity him, I am very sorry for him, indeed.

Sir John. I thank you, Madam, then I hope our Courtship is over, and my Happiness is come. When is our Wedding-day to be ?

Bel. Wedding-day ! 'Tis time enough to talk of that yet, Sir *John* : But I don't know what Wedding-day you mean ; do you mean, when you and I are to be married ?

Sir John. Yes, my Dear.

Bel. Never, I hope, my Dear ; I am sure I came here upon no such Intent.

Sir John. Alas ! What's that I hear ? Each Word peirces my very Heart, and deep Despair hangs o'er me ! Then all is spent in vain. O ! In a moment kill me. Let not my hopeless Life be thus spent out in vain.

Tom. Lord, Madam, have n't you got a Knife in your Pocket ; why don't you kill him ; how can you be so barbarous as not to kill my Master, when he desires you ; if he had spoke to me but half so much, I would have don't before this time. Shall I fetch you my Master's Sword ?

Sir John. No, no, there's no Occasion ; I can feel the Pangs of Death run o'er my Soul, and trample ev'ry Sense which fight in strong Debate, and all try which shall make his Exit first.

Wheed. Madam, what are you about ? Why don't you speak to the Man ? Will you let him dye thus barbarously without Remorse ?

Tom. Madam, pray don't let my Master dye [*kneels down*]
I am

36 *The* HAPPY MARRIAGE; *or,*

I am sure I shall break my Heart. [*cries.*]

Bel. God bless thee, for a Fool; what makes you cry?

Tom. To see you be so unkind and spiteful; it would make the very Stones to weep, if they saw any one so cross as you; but your unparallel'd Beauty makes you uncontroll'd; Nature and Fortune are your Waiting-maids; whatever you do all the World approves of; to you the Stars alter their propitious Omens, and whenever you command, they obey.

Bel. You are very heroical, *Tom*; why don't you go to the Play-house to act?

Tom. I have acted very often, and the People clap me devilishly, when I play the Part of a Fool.

Bel. You do it very naturally I suppose then.

Tom. Ay, to the very Life; but I fancy my Master will dye very suddenly; I would rather loose all my Master has in the World, than he should dye; [*aside*] but he hasn't much share in it, I hope.

Grumb. Well, Daughter, what do you think? Will you have Sir *John* for your Husband? Come, don't be stubborn, Child, take hold of his Hand.

Tom. He may do your Business as well as another, perhaps.

Bel. Don't torment me so; I tell you once for all, I will not have him.

[*Sir John faints.*]

Tom. Help, help, my Master's going to dye out-right, God be thanked.

Grumb. What do you mean, you barbarous Dog? Do you say God be thanked for the Death of your Master?

Tom. I only meant, I hope he won't linger out his Life in Pain; for it would be more barbarous to keep him alive than let him dye out-right; if you lov'd him as well as I, [*cries*] you would be glad too; for shame, Madam, don't commit so cruel a Murder; speak to him, if you don't you'll be to answer for it.

Bel. So I can justly answer for any thing I have done to him; but I'll speak to please a Fool; Sir *John*, are you going to dye?

Sir

Sir John [*recovers a little, and speaks*] I feel the Pangs a-coming; but one Word from you revives my drooping Spirits; pity me, and I live; if not, I dye.

Bel. I am sorry for it, Sir John; but your Time is come, and you must yield; Fate will not permit me to love you.

Wheed. I am sure, if you would but pity and love him now, he'll recover; but, alas! I can see grim Death approach his Aspect; all's too late, I doubt.

Grumb. Prithee, Daughter, peak to him, and comfort him.

Tom. Do, Madam, the Man may recover if you'll have him; and he may come to serve your turn as well as another.

Bel. Tell me, Father, what I shall say to him; if I say I love him, or can love him, I lye; and you know I wou'd not lye to save Ten such as he; all I can do, is to pity him, and I do pity him for a Fool.

Wheed. I know you are damn'd conscientious of telling a Lye; you wou'd not tell a Lye to save your own Lover's Life, I suppose.

Bel. [*speaks faintly*] No, not I.

Wheed. You lye, you lye, Hussy. Well, Sir John, if you are going, I wish you a good Journey. If thou wast my Girl, I wou'd pay thee handsomly; I wou'd send thee into some Nunnery, you cross Baggage. [*shakes his Cane, and goes out.*]

Grumb. Do you see, Daughter, how you'll be reproach'd?

Bel. I don't value such old Rogues Reproach.

Sir John. Belinda, my Life is not my own, nor all the World can't save me; Death has made his Prey upon me; if ought I have done that's wrong or unjust to you, pray forgive a dying Man; and if any Wrongs or Injuries I have receiv'd from you, I freely pardon. Now I, too late, look back upon the Action, and find the once-call'd Cruelty Gentleness and Patience. I must needs confess, I aim'd at what I ne'er cou'd with Consideration have expected. Vain, foolish Man, to be insnar'd in Love, when my Hour-glass had almost run its Course; and to dye with the fatal Stroke of

D

Cupid!

38 *The HAPPY MARRIAGE; OR,*

Cupid! Oh, cruel Death will not permit me to say any more; for now my Soul's ready to depart, and my Bones shudder at the Approach. Now World farewell; *Belinda* live, and enjoy the sprightly Youth. *Tom*, farewell, now All's thine; what I have heap'd up by the Sweat of my Brow, I leave to thee; so All, farewell. [*dies.*]

Tom. He's dead, and I am deadly rich, there's good News to go Home with. Poor Man, he looks as if he had a mind to come to life again; e'gad, I'll bury him as soon as I can, lest he shou'dn't like Death, and come to life again.

Grumb. Come, Daughter, we'll go Home.

Bel. Ay, with all my heart; I want to play a Game at Cards now.

[*Tom runs after her, and kisses her, her Father walking before, he turns back.*]

Tom. Sir, your most humble Servant.

[*goes off the other way, singing and dancing.*]

Scene changes to the Street.

Enter Sprightly drunk, meeting Captain Sharper,

Sprighb. So, you Sir, will you go and take a Glas of Wine? Who are you?

Capt. A Man, that will give you your Reward when you are sober.

Sprighb. I never saw the Man that dar'd to encounter my Honour, but once, and then I made him run for his Life.

Capt. You are a stout-hearted Fellow, I must needs own, *Sprightly*.

Sprighb. Who do you abuse, Sir? If you was not drunk, faith, I wou'd drub you to some tune. [*offers to kick him.*]

Capt. [*draws*] Take care of your self, you Rascal, or else you are dead.

Sprighb. These *Scotch-Collops* have made me damn'd sick; you, Drawer, bring in a Pint of Wine, for I am bloody dry.

Capt.

The Turn of Fortune.

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Capt. I think you are devilish drunk, you Beast ; is this a place to call for Wine ? Is this a pickle to drink Wine in ? Away, you worst of Villains.

Spright. Is this the best Wine you have, you Dog ? I have a good mind to kick you out of doors, you Son of a Whore ; do you offer to bring Gentlemen such Wine as this ?

[*kicks the Captain.*

Capt. [*draws*] Have you a-mind to have my Sword run through your Body, you Sot ?

Spright. Drawer, Go and ask the Cook, what she has got for my Supper ; for I am very hungry.

Capt. I never saw such an impudent Rascal in my life, I protest.

Spright. Nor I, I swear, I'll never come into this Tavern again, as long as I live. You, Sir, can you help me to a Wife, or a — ; you know what I mean ?

Capt. I'll help you to a Gallows, you half-hang'd Dog ; I say a Wife too ; a pretty Fellow to have a Wife, indeed ; go about your business, you Rascal, I'll talk with you when you are sober.

Enter Amynta, and her Maid.

Amynt. [*sobs*]

Capt. My Life ! What's the matter ?

Amynt. My Blood runs cold to see that Villain.

[*Sprightly sees her, and offers to kiss her.*

Spright. Madam, shall I have a Kiss from you ? But first, who are you ? Are you a Whore ? If you are, I have nothing to do with you ; I hate Whores ; go, go, you look like a Whore, you do so.

Capt. Sirrah, you look like a Villain, not only look like one, but you are one ; I'll go and call a Constable to secure my Gentleman ; I'll teach him better Manners.

Bel. Don't go, Captain, he'll kill us in the mean time ; lett *Ann* go. *Ann*, go, and fetch a Constable. [*Exit Ann.*

Capt. The Fool isn't worth my Anger, or else I would beat him till he was not able to walk.

D 2

Spright.

40 *The HAPPY MARRIAGE; or,*

Spright. [sings]

A Toper is immortal, and never can decay, &c.

Enter Ann, with a Constable.

Constab. Where is this Man ?

Capt. That's he.

Constab. You must come along with me, I have a Warrant for you.

Spright. Let me see it, I'll warrant you I'll keep it safe, without coming along with you ; come, I hope I am going to be preferr'd. [*Exeunt Constable and Sprightly.*]

Capt. Now, my Dear, let's consummate our Joys ; the time is almost come, when we shall complete our Happiness.

Bel. Come, Sir, will you go Home, and drink a Dish of Tea with me, and then we'll end our Joys. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Two Countrymen.

Davy. Wasn't that the Man that gave us the Dinner, whom we saw going to Prison ?

Tim. He was deadly drunk ; and I was told since, that he was the Man that play'd with my Mistris *Amynta*.

Davy. I know it ; I wou'd have drub'd him, hadn't he been going to Gaol ; I cou'd hardly keep my Hands off him, my Blood rose so against the Dog ; I hope I shall live to see that Dog swing upon Tyburn.

Tim. That's too honourable a Place for him. Hey, hey, who comes here, some Nobleman or other, I dare say, he's dress'd so fine ?

Enter Tom, in fine Cloaths.

Tom. So, my Boys, isn't it a fine Place ?

Dav. So-so, there's nothing extraordinary in it, but your Honour.

Tom. O, my Friend, you are very complaisant ; here's somewhat for you.

Countrymen. We return you Thanks. [*Exeunt Countrymen.*]

Tom solus. Now Fortune has stood my Friend ; what else do I want ? There's nothing this World can give me to complete my Happiness more. *Enter*

The Turn of Fortune.

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Enter Belinda and Celia.

Tom. Welcome, my Soul. [*they embrace.*]

Bel. I thank you for all Kindnesses ; there's nothing shall be wanting to make you happy, as I can do for you.

Cel. Then we are all happy.

Bel. Even so, *Celia* ; when shall us go to the Church, my Dear ?

Tom. As soon as you please, my Life ; let us away now, before we are discover'd ; then no body can break asunder what the Parson has join'd. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Grumble and Wheedler.

Grumb. I think, Neighbour *Wheedler*, my Daughter is well off, and she was much in the right of it, when a Body considers all Circumstances ; now she may enjoy a young clever Husband, and live in Peace and Happiness.

Wheed. Why, as you say, that's very true ; no Woman of her Years wou'd be glad to be ty'd to such an old Man as he was ; she's much in the right of it, I own, though I began to chide her first. My Niece, *Amynta*, is in love with a very clever young Gentleman, but he has not Money enough ; tho', I must confess, I like the Man very well.

Grumb. I have propos'd several Men to my Daughter, but she despises all, and seems very indifferent towards Marriage ; whether she has any private Lover or not, I can't tell ; but I suppose she'll tell me in a short time, if she has a-mind to be married.

Wheed. I suppose so ; but Neighbour, I observ'd (as I thought) she seem'd a little inclin'd towards *Tom*, and he seem'd to be pretty great with her ; and besides that, what Woman wou'd seem so merry at the Death of any Man, unless she was inclin'd towards the Heir ; and you know, *Tom* being his Heir, he'll have a very plentiful Estate.

Grumb. There's some Suspicion in that, indeed, as you say. Well, I don't care, so she's married to her own Content ; for I always lik'd *Tom* well enough ; I thought always
he

42 *The HAPPY MARRIAGE; or,*

he was born to Fortune, for he had something of a Gentleman in him; but all the Objection is, to be married to a Footman, I can't bear that.

Wheed. What signifies that, if he was a Footman, he's a rich Gentleman now.

Enter Captain and Amynta, with her Servant.

Capt. [*kneels down to Wheed'er*] I hope you will give me your Blessing, Sir.

Wheed. My Blessing, Man, what good will that do you? What shou'd I give you my Blessing for?

Capt. As your Son.

Wheed. [*starts back*] My Son! How come you to be my Son? Are you a Bastard then? I never had a Son by my Wife, I am sure.

Capt. By Marriage, Sir.

Wheed. By Marriage! Who gave you leave to marry my Niece? I'll not bless you, not I.

[*He walks about in Passion. She kneels down with Tom.*]

Amynta. Bless us both then, Uncle.

Wheed. Not I, you may both go together, I'll not give you but a Shilling for your Fortune. Marry without my Leave! I never dreamt of that, in the least.

Grumb. Come, Neighbour, be easy, it's done and can't be undone.

Capt. There's nothing but what's honourable done, Uncle; I hope you will give me leave to call you so.

Wheed. Uncle indeed! You should have ask'd my Consent first; I amn't angry for marrying, but for not asking my Consent.

Ann. Come, Sir, bless 'em, and forgive 'em, they'll live happy, and make you live so too.

Grumb. Ay, ay; it is as good to live easy now; it's done, and can't be helpt.

Wheed. But, e'gad, it put me in a Passion, at first, to see People so giddy and unruly; but now God bless you, and
make

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make you both happy. I hope you'll keep your Wedding-night at my House.

Enter Tom and Belinda, and Celia.

Tom. [*kneels down to Grumble, and speaks*] Father, I hope you'll bless us, and wish us Joy.

Grumb. [*in a Passion*] So, huffy, marry a Footman ! I'll have nothing to say to you.

Bel. Alas, Father, you won't abandon me now, I hope !

Capt. Mr. Grumble, bless 'em, and wish them Joy ; for it can't be undone, you know.

Grumb. As you say, it is too late, and I must be contented ; so, God bless you both, and I wish you Joy and Long-Life.

[*They kiss one-another.*]

Capt. Now, my Dear, we are One. Come, let us have a Dance, if the Company pleases.

Enter Two Couple, and dance.

Tom. Now all our Happiness is complete.

By this you see what Force has *Cupid's Arms* ;
His *Strok's* inevitable, inevitable his Charms.



F I N I S.

